
Hymn to the
Godde

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Hymn to the Goddess of Silence

ALL Hail! O awful, sage Divinity!
Goddess of Silence! hail! eternal Pow'r,
Who knowest Universe was form'd,
How Nature first began! for thou wast then,
And startedst at the dread, creating Voice,
E'en then thou wast, and still thou wilt endure,
When weary'd Time, and Nature are no more;
At Length thou again must start,
And the vast Globe shall fright thee with it

Thee, solemn Being! venerable Queen!
Who Vulgar never know,
Thee the wise Ancient justly did revere,
And Temple to thy Name devoutly raise.

Thee, Goddess thee, at the still Noon of Night
When all is hush'd, delighted, I adore,
And the pale Moon is witness

Thee, pleasing Deity! the sacred Nine,
Daughters of Jove, the blest Pierian Maids
Pursue, and find thee oft in immo-
On Rocks remote, on shady Banks they meet

Thy kindly Aid, while Phœbus ever young,
Immortal Phœbus wake
Thy tender Ear can brook the heav'nly Sound:
Thou'rt Friend to Music, and harmonious Verse;
For tho' thou shun'st the noisy, loud Re
Of re Palace,
The clam'rous Camp, the dire, tumultuous Field,
And oft at the throng'd Bar art call'd in vain;
How awful yet o'er crowded Theatre
Do Johnson's manly Scene,
Shake , or moving Otway warms the Stage?

O thou, pro Quire!
Where'er thou do
Whether in De
Where yet no Path is made, nor Echo
Frighten the Dryads from their lov'd Retreat;
Or whether, lonely, thou delight'st to stray
At Noontide on the solitary Plain,
While Flocks, and Herds, and all the rural Rout
Of Nymphs, and Swains are hid in cooling Shade
Or is the Gothic Temple's gloomy I
The dusky Cloister, or dark Ey
Thy lov'd Abode? Or do
(Hard by old Memphis, and the fabled Nile)
The empty Vault Pyramids,

Vain Monument *Agave's* Bride?
Or, haply, farther from the World remov'd,
On Pindus' Coast *Atlas'* hoary Crown,
On some vast Promontory thou do
Whence scarce the angry Ocean is o'erheard,
To lash the hollow, far-re

Where'er thou'rt found, great Pow'r, vouchsafe
thy Aid!

Deign visit our Retreat! the sacred Muse,
The sacred Muse with me your Hel
Of War, and *Love* by turns we mean to sing,
Of mighty Heroes, and of mighty Love.
In vain the God of Numbers doth inspire,
In vain *Asclepius'* Sons attempt to soar
Without thy Influence. Come, Goddess
Bring with thee Quiet, Contemplation,
Poetic Visions bright, and Dreams sublime,
Such as of old great Homer did inspire,
Such as the Gods above themselves
Still Dreams indeed; but Dreams of mighty Jove.

Thus well attended, blest *Solitude!*
There nothing shall suspend thy gentle Reign,
Save the low Murmur of a distant Stream,
Except *Philomel* complains,
Or *Claë* tune